

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1812.

[NO. 13.]

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

IT is now necessary to account for the alarming note which had summoned Harriet to her unfortunate friend. Courtney, satiated with the possession of a woman whose person and fortune had alone attracted him, soon grew weary of paying those assiduous attentions which Cornelia expected would continue for ever: her frequent complaints and remonstrances on this subject he treated with ridicule; and she perceived, to her infinite mortification, that the most gallant of lovers could prove the most indifferent of husbands.

One day as she was sitting thoughtfully ruminating on her fate, and in her heart deeply regretting her own early imprudence, a gentle rap at the street door announced a visitor, and she heard herself enquired for, by a strange voice, and in a foreign accent.—Filled with surprise, not unmixed with apprehension, she waited the entrance of her servant, who informed her that a lady who refused to tell her name, wished to see her. Cornelia ordered her to be shown up;—the stranger entered; she was closely veiled, but her figure was elegant and her step hurried. Cornelia offered her a chair,—she seated herself, and hastily throwing up her veil, fixed her dark piercing eyes upon our heroine. "Do you recollect me?" she asked, in a tone of voice which struck on the heart of Cornelia. "I think I do," was her reply. "Are not you the lady I accidentally intruded upon while at Bath?" "I am that *unfortunate* creature," she replied; "and you, I think, are Mrs. Courtney." Cornelia could have repeated the same answer, but prudence for once restrained her:—she bowed an affirmative. "I am happy to see you," said she, earnestly; "it is in your power to clear my mind of a most tormenting apprehension. May I presume to beg the honour of your confidence, and enquire if you are married?" Juliana looked anxiously round the room: she had a wild unsettled air, and drawing her chair closer to Cornelia's, caught her hand, and said, impressively,—*"In the sight of heaven I am, and to a villain!"*—Cornelia trembled; she dared not proceed with the subject, but falteringly enquired if her child was living. The question seemed like an electrical shock to Juliana; her colour changed to a livid paleness, and starting up she sprang upon Cornelia, crying, "No, no,—he is dead, and you have murdered him. You have robbed me of my husband, but thus shall I be revenged." With these words she snatched a knife from her bosom and plunged it deep in the breast of Cornelia, who shrieked, and fell: her cries alarmed the servants, who ran hastily up stairs, while

the wretched woman, without attempting to escape, threw herself on a sofa, and seemed to gaze senselessly on the scene before her. Cornelia was conveyed to bed, and a surgeon immediately sent for, who pronounced the wound to be highly dangerous, if not mortal.

In the midst of the confusion Courtney arrived: he was informed of the horrid affair by the servants, and greatly alarmed, hurried to the bedside of Cornelia, who, as distinctly as possible, repeated what had passed. He no sooner heard the recital than he appeared worked up to a state of phrenzy. For some time all attempts to sooth him were vain; at length he enquired for Juliana. "She is securely confined in a chamber," said Dr. N—; "I have been with her, and there is no doubt of her insanity." "Tell me I conjure you," said Cornelia, "concealment is no longer necessary, with my dying breath I ask it—Is she your wife?" "She is, she is," cried the agonized Courtney, "and I am the most consummate villain upon earth." "This must not be," interrupted Dr. N—, "my patient's life is endangered by such conversation as this;—retire I entreat you, Mr. Courtney."

Courtney unwillingly submitted, and Cornelia, as soon as he quitted the apartment, so earnestly and incessantly entreated to be indulged with pen and ink, that Dr. N— reluctantly complied, and she wrote the note to Harriet Montague, which we have already copied.

The arrival of her faithful friend seemed to give her pleasure, but the agitation of her mind had greatly irritated her wound, and she grew delirious towards evening, with extreme pain and fever. Harriet never quitted her, but attended her with the tenderness of a sister. In the morning Cornelia seemed something better, and begged that her husband might be admitted; this request was complied with, and she received him with more composure than was expected. Courtney seemed sensibly affected; he entreated her pardon, and even hinted that his repentance would be evinced by his future good conduct. Cornelia shook her head—I do not blame you, Courtney; indeed it avails little now, whether your contrition is sincere or not. I cannot live and if I could, life can afford me no other than a scene of shame, remorse, and misery: but I wish to know the particulars of your connection with Juliana. This Courtney would have evaded, but she pressed it with so much earnestness, that Harriet thought it most advisable for him to comply, but begged him to be as brief as possible.

"Cornelia," said he, "I fear the recital of my misconduct will only give you additional pain; but as you seem prepared for the worst, I will candidly acknowledge the guilt and injustice I have been led into by early habits of libertinism. During a tour on the Continent, which I made previous to entering the army, I saw Juliana at Naples; she was then a boarder in a convent, and I obtained access to her by means of a female relation, at whose house I was introduced by a friend. I was struck

with her beauty, and her young heart was easily ensnared. I will not repeat the artifices I made use of to decoy her from her asylum, but they were successful; and to satisfy her scruples, I consented that the ceremony of marriage should be performed by a Roman Catholic priest; but even then I had no intention of introducing her in England as my wife, well knowing the prejudices of my father against foreigners. I soon found that Juliana was of an impetuous and overbearing temper; my own, you know, is irritable, and I need not add, that we found frequent causes of disagreement. Notwithstanding all my caution my father heard of this connection, and instantly disinherited me. Enraged at this, I reproached Juliana as the cause of my ruin, and in a paroxysm of rage quitted the house I had taken for her near Bath, and repairing to London, obtained a commission in a regiment just at that period ordered on foreign service. Juliana was then far advanced in a state of pregnancy: my desertion and ill-treatment threw her into a most alarming state, and I believe she would have perished, had not chance made me acquainted with her situation. Our regiment was countermanded, and we were sent to take up our winter quarters at Bath: this was about a month before I was introduced to you by Lady Clerville. In one of my strolls I chanced to meet Juliana, leaning on the arm of an elderly woman; it was the person at whose cottage she had been some time lodging. Her illness was very apparent, and at sight of me she gave such a piercing shriek as drew all eyes towards us: involuntarily I flew to support her, she fell into continued fainting fits; and Mrs. Howell assured me, that "the dear lady was frequently in that way, and at other times quite deranged." I was shocked at this account, and compassion prevailing for that moment, I accompanied them home. I cannot dwell upon this part of my conduct. Just at this critical period I first beheld you—your fascinations soon put all my good resolutions to flight; and I will not deny that the report of your fortune raised a few mercenary ideas. I did not think it probable that Juliana would outlive the period of her confinement, and resolved not to let the valuable prize escape me. Juliana, however, recovered, you quitted Bath, and I was at a loss whether to follow the dictates of conscience or inclination.

"The death of Juliana's infant again gave a severe shock to her already impaired constitution, her occasional insanity was evident, and I could no longer hesitate. I obtained leave of absence from my colonel, and followed you to town. The news of our marriage, it seems reached Juliana, and her dreadful revenge has been a just punishment for my cruelty and deceit."

Courtney concluded his recital with every appearance of the deepest concern.

"Poor unhappy creature!" said Cornelia, "I can make every allowance for her distraction of mind, and am glad that her situation protects her from the rigor of the law; for my

own part I can quit this life without regret; my juvenile errors have been severely punished, yet my soul is unpolluted with guilt, and I dare to hope for a better fate hereafter."

The physician, fearing that so much exertion would be attended with injurious consequences to his patient, forbade any further conversation, and insisted on Courtney's retiring, which he obeyed, having first promised his wife that he would send immediately for Lady Clerville, whose presence she most earnestly required. Harriet, overpowered with fatigue, consented to lay down for a few hours, and we will now leave them to take a short view of our hero and his noble friend.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MARGATE PACKET.

(Concluded from our last.)

And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh.

JACQUES. Shakespeare's "As you like it."

As soon as I stepped upon deck, I made my *debut*, by entreating the ladies to take care of the *lines* and *pul-lies*; which caution obtained me, exactly what I expected, a contemptuous sneer, from the boatman, and a broad satirical grin from the Lieutenant. I was, however, determined to establish in their minds the opinion that I justly conceived they had formed, by saying I should go *down stairs*, for fear I should catch cold from the morning air.

At my return on deck, I seated myself next the fat Lady with the good-humoured face, who, by-the-by, was the only one that gave me the least encouragement. I told her, I was afraid that I should be sea-sick, and recommended her to taste a drop of brandy, which I produced in a small bottle from my pocket. I next offered the inspiring fluid to the Lady opposite, who rejected it with a look of ineffable scorn. By this time, however, the fat Lady's tongue went, as seamen call it, at the rate of eleven knots an hour. She told me about her son Jacky, whom was gone abroad, and who she was afraid *she should never see no more*; that she had been very bad with the *rheumatise*; that it was a terrible thing, for that all the *simmers* were drawn up, and that she was going to Margate to bathe. My good-tempered companion then enquired the names of the sails, yards and rigging, on all which points I answered with appropriate ignorance. I now completed my character, by desiring the master to stop the ship for a boat that I saw making towards us, and by calling a West Indian man laying at Long Reach a seventy-four gun man of war. This effectually answered my design: the Lieutenant whispered the Boatman, that I was some lubber of a man-milliner; and asked me, significantly, how long it was since I had last weathered the point off Bond-street.

The company had now descended, to partake of the refreshment they had respectively provided; and here I was admitted by producing some cold ham and chicken. I now addressed myself particularly to the Lady in the white muslin, by observing that I shouldn't like to be a salour; and that I thought it a much pleasanter thing to be serving customers behind a counter, than in a storm at sea. The *counter* proposition answered completely; the Lady shrunk like the sensitive plant, turned up her nose, muttered some indistinct syllables, and scornfully averted her head. The important Gentleman in the green coat joined conversation with the other important Gentleman in black; and my last attempt was with the sentimental Lady, of whom I enquired, whether she had ever read Jack the Giant Killer.

I now began to find, that I had got to low-water mark, and resolved in my own mind to turn the tide of opinion. Luckily, as soon as we had re-ascended the deck, an opportunity offered: the fat Lady happened to ask the name of the main-sheet, which works the main-boom, to the great annoyance of the genteel passengers of a hoy. I answered, with an appearance of great sagacity, that it was the *jigger-tackle*. I had intended to raise myself up *by degrees* into estimation, but the *jigger-tackle* did the business at once; the Boatman gave me a leer and a wink; the Lieutenant, after consulting my face with some attention, took me by the hand. "I say, shipmate, none of your tricks upon old travellers. I say, what ship?" To this I answered, "The Merrydon of

Dover, the largest man of war in the service. Don't you remember that a frigate sailed into one of her port-holes at Torbay, and was kicked overboard by Tom Tightfoot, the Boatswain, who happened at the time to be dancing a horn pipe?" This joke was a good trap for applause; the Lieutenant handed me some bottled porter, and the boatman honoured me with a grin of approbation.

We had got some way beyond Gravesend, when I discovered a new character in the hoy; this was a tall thin man, in a black coat and tie wig, stooping over the side of the vessel, drawing up buckets of sea water one after another, and industriously examining the contents with a microscope. I thought this a good opportunity, and putting on a learned face, enquired if he was not seeking for animalculi; to which he politely replied, "Yes;" and that it was a question among the learned, whether the luminous appearance of sea water at night was occasioned by numerous animalculi, or the viscous spawn of fish. In this conversation the Gentleman in the plain coat joined, whom I found to be a very intelligent man. One subject introduced another, and we discoursed successively upon natural philosophy, ethics, jurisprudence, and theology; in the course of which investigation, I took care to introduce some passages from the ancient authors. The sentimental Lady stared with astonishment; the consequential Lady ventured a look, but (I imagine, upon summing up my dress, the counter, and other circumstances) relapsed into her former reserve: her husband, however, ventured to speak, and, upon my mentioning Tully, asked whether I did not mean Mr. Tully, the cheese-monger in Carnaby Market?

We had now arrived at the Pier of Margate, when an old acquaintance came on board, and welcomed my arrival, in the hearing of the consequential lady, in the following way: "My dear George, your old friends Colonel Morgan and Lady Maxwell are here; they have just sat down to dinner, and we will join them." His servant was ordered to take my trunk, and a blush of conscious shame overspread the cheek of the Lady in the white muslin. By this time, I had discovered the different conditions in life of my fellow passengers:

Mr. Vacant, a Grocer near the Haymarket.

Mrs. Vacant, the Lady in the white muslin.

Miss Williams, the sentimental Lady, a teacher at School.

Lieut. Windlass, a Navy Officer.

Mrs. Pumpkin, the fat Lady, a Market Gardener's Wife.

Mr. Frizzle, the important Gentleman in Green, a Hair-Dresser.

Dr. Vitriol, the searcher for Animalculi, a great Naturalist, Chemist, Philosopher, and Author.

The important Gentleman in Black, an Attorney.

The Gentleman in Brown, *Non Descript*.

Being about to take my leave, Dr. Vitriol gave me a card to attend his Lectures on Chemistry; the Lieutenant shook me by the hand; the Boatman styled me, "Your Honour;" the Gardener's Wife gave me a low courtesy; and the Lady in the White Muslin favoured me with a most graceful bow; upon which I addressed them nearly as follows: "My good friends, don't be displeased if I have amused myself a little at your expense. I would have you know, that wherever we travel we should endeavour to be pleased with one another. All have not the same endowments of mind or fortune; but what is wanting of one quality is perhaps supplied by another; and reciprocal advantages and comforts are created from the variety of characters and conditions which providence has thrown together in life. In a hoy therefore, as well as any where else, we should bring forward our best talents and dispositions, be they what they may, like our provisions, into the common stock; there would then be something to please all palates; by which means we should make our passage pleasant, and our meeting together a feast of good-humour and instruction."

As I walked along the pier, I meditated on the occurrences of my little voyage; nor did I feel thoroughly satisfied with myself. Good-nature and urbanity checked my exultation, and whispered, "A way with you! you are rightly served, henceforth appear in your true character, and try to make it as valuable to your fellow-passengers as you can. Increase the stock of plain honesty, and throw away the dregs of pride and folly; you may appear in what character you choose to the world, but will never be able to impose on the judge within your own breast."

CALAMITY.

Many men labour after calamity while happiness is within their reach.

BON TON.

"HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!"

MILTON.

APPROACH, ye gaudy insects of a moment; ye butterflies of fashion: Bring with ye your tasty apparel, your mincing airs and studied steps; come, and, with the aid of your *torgnettes*, cast a look on this sketch: you will see your semblance drawn from nature, not by a Raphael, it is true, but by one, who, though a novice in the art, flatters himself that this, his *coup d'essai*, contains features characteristic of your *tout ensemble*.

Behold, in yonder gig, with what elegance and dexterity young Florio manages his pair of bays: with what spirit he *dashes* along; now gracefully reclining on one side, now standing on tip toe and adroitly touching the *leader*. What charming rattling the wheels of his vehicle keep! No matter should any *careless* children be crossing the street as he passes; he cannot stop his steeds—they are too fiery; besides, his motto is "*neck or nothing*," "take care there, you young dogs!" "all safe d—me." In a twinkling see him on the turnpike. Now, no longer ambitious of showing his skill in driving full speed over the rugged pavement, to the terror and imminent danger of the *careless* children, his pride is to leave behind him every carriage on the road, from the gilded coach, to the market cart. Careless of right or wrong, he takes the left instead of the right. Should he meet some old country gentleman, whom business or pleasure calls to the metropolis, and who, knowing the regulations, drives as the law directs; the result is, that one or the other must give way, or run the risk of broken limbs.—Do you imagine that Florio will turn his geldings on one side, and permit the elder to pass safely?—Oh! no; that would be derogatory to his honour.—In vain the old gentleman may exclaim, "keep to the right, sir, as the law directs!" "D—you and the law, sir," and a crack of the whip is the only answer of the *spirited* Florio.

But, not to condemn him without just grounds, let us enquire, what urgent business draws him from the city, and causes him to drive with such careless rapidity. Does he go to receive the blessing of a dying parent? No. To see for the last time a beloved wife? Neither. Does he go to succour a bosom friend, to whom his tardiness may prove fatal? No. Then certainly his honour, fortune, reputable standing in society, all will be blasted were he not to arrive at the place of his destination at a certain hour. Alas! no; none of these reasons stimulate him. He goes to hear a *bet* decided. A bet? Poor youth! No doubt his all is at stake! and on the decision depends his future affluence or abject poverty. Nay, not so fast; the case is merely thus: Last evening, at the theatre, the fair Matilda was seated three boxes from the one occupied by Florio and another disciple of Bon Ton. The artful fair, to show the delicacy of her taper fingers, removed the envious glove that concealed them, and laid her hand, with the most bewitching *nonchalance*, on the side of her box. It happened that her little finger was graced with a ring, set round with precious stones, in the midst of which appeared a plait of hair. The brilliancy of the jewel soon attracted Flo-

rio's attention. He levels his opera glass at the hand, and the bauble that adorned it. After mature examination, "Z—ds! Jack, (addressing his companion) who would have thought it! but three weeks acquainted, and she wears his hair in her ring!" "Who's hair?" enquired Jack, who till now had sat the image of stupidity, yawning and twirling two massy seals that hung to his watch chain. "Who's!" "Why Tom Skip's, e—d!" "Pshaw!" exclaimed the other, seemingly awakening from his state of torpidity, and applying his glass to his eyes. "It can't be: Tom's hair is a clear auburn, and that in her ring a dark chesnut." "Don't tell me," replied Florio, "I can see and distinguish colours as well as you, and I'll bet six bottles that the hair in Matilda's ring is Tom Skip's!" "Done!" retorted the other, "and I'll leave the decision to Bob Fickle; a better fellow we could not hit upon: he worms himself so completely into a girl's good graces, that she never withholds any of her secrets from him." He scarce had ended when Bob himself entered their box. The bet being imparted to him, and hearing that he was chosen umpire, he swore that, ere the next night, he would know who was the happy man. "Appropos," said he, suppose we go to Harrogate to-morrow afternoon? we can have the bet decided there." To this proposition of Bob's the two friends agreed. This mighty affair being settled to their mutual satisfaction, they adjourned to the S. H. when, after punishing a couple of bottles a-piece, they staggered to their respective homes, bellowing, "Life let us cherish."

The next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, (the hour appointed) Florio called on Jack to know if he was ready to start. The servant who answered the bell told him that his master and Mr. Fickle had just gone in the former's gig. This was enough to fire our hero. Jack's blacks had hitherto stood unrivalled: what a glorious triumph for Florio were his bays to beat them! How his fame would ring through the polished circles! The thought is so inspiring, would not a fellow of spirit strain every nerve, exert himself to the utmost, to grasp such mighty honour? Florio did so; was the first at the goal. Fate seemed to favour him, and, to render his victory complete, he had won the wager! How will he be able to support so many "blushing honours thick upon him?" alas! his restless ambition will destroy them all. Flushed with the juice of the grape (which had an additional flavor, being won,) he boasts of his recent victory; of his superior sagacity and discernment; attempts to ridicule his friend Jack, who, though in every other respect, a perfect stoic *à la mode*, cannot bear the other's irony. The lie is given; a verbal challenge follows; weapons and the place of meeting chosen; the time (the day following) appointed: they meet—exchange a shot—and the gay, the spirited, the honourable Florio—falls!

IMPERFECTIONS.

In my intercourse with mankind, I have frequently observed one person accuse another of faults—call them *passionate*, *headstrong*, and such like epithets; without recollecting at the same time, that they too have *blemishes*, and that *perfection* is not to be expected in this world—but in the language of the Scripture, "why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

IT appears, by late accounts from England, that the first measure of the new ministers was to recommend a rescinding of the Orders in Council, which was expected to be announced by Royal proclamation about the 20th of June. The London editor in commenting on the new ministerial arrangement asserts that "the stipulations of Lords Grey and Grenville and their friends, as conditions of their coming into the Ministry, were, that Government should patronise the Catholic claims; that the Orders in Council should be revoked and America conciliated: and that more economy should be introduced in the public expenditures."

The Luddites (the name assumed by the insurgents) continued to commit depredations, particularly in Yorkshire, they confined themselves principally to the seizure of fire arms.

An alarming fire broke out (charged to incendiaries) in the Rope House, at the Dock yard in Plymouth, 400 feet only of the building, which was 1400 feet long was saved by great exertions; the machinery mostly destroyed; damage estimated at more than 100,000 dollars.

From the north of Europe we hear only of preparations; it is from several quarters asserted that the Russians will act on the defensive, contesting every inch of ground through a great extent of country, which is to be so desolated as to produce no supplies to an invading army. This policy it was expected would render the conquest of Russia by the myriads of Bonaparte, impossible.

By the brig Brutus, Moore, from Cadiz, we learn, that Marshall Soult had arrived on the opposite side, with a reinforcement of 12,000 men—that a constant bombardment was kept up by the French, who had thrown 500 shells a day into Cadiz, which had done some damage, and placed the shipping in the harbour in considerable danger.

Our other news from the peninsula are confined to affairs of posts of little real moment, but in which the British are reported to have been successful.

The contest for power, which has so long continued in the island of St. Domingo between Petion and Christophe, seems to be nearly terminated. Christophe, deserted by the greater part of his forces, had retired to a strong position in the mountains, and Petion was proceeding to possess himself of those posts which were left weakly garrisoned, and would, it was believed, succeed to the entire sovereignty of the island.

The ruin of Caraccas and Lagaira has been completed by another earthquake in April.—We have a list of eleven cities destroyed or swallowed up, in addition to those already mentioned.—*Plebeian*.

Our war with England has as yet been attended with no very material effect: a considerable number, upwards of 20 of our vessels, have been taken, and several burnt, by the British fleet, which seem to be pretty strong on our coast: the sloop of War Nautilus, rated as carrying 12 guns, has been obliged to surrender to a very superior British force; four privateers belonging to eastern ports are also said to be captured. On our part a great number of privateers have been sent to sea and their success has been very considerable in the capture of many valuable vessels. It seems to be the wish of the enemy, as far as we can collect from the proclamations and conduct of the government and people of Canada, to confine hostilities to the sea, not including the coasting trade.—An attack made by the British shipping with the view of cutting the United States brig Onieda out of Sacket's harbour on Lake Ontario, had failed, the enemy having been beat off by a temporary fort raised for the occasion.

The military baggage, hospital stores, an officer, 30 men and the officers wives, &c. which were shipped by General Hull at the rapids of the Miami, fell into the hands of the British at Fort Malden; it was expected that general Hull would attempt their recovery by an immediate attack on the Fort.

There are no accounts from the fleet under Commodore Rogers of sufficient importance or perhaps of sufficient truth to merit relation—we hope soon to be able to hear a favourable account from him.—The Consti-

tution frigate has arrived safe in Boston after a chase of 60 hours by several ships of war.

We are sorry to hear of disgraceful riots to the Southward and Eastward,—and hope our city will remain free from such outrages.—That of Providence, (R. I.) relates to the scuttling and sinking of a privateer that was nearly ready for sea—and that of Baltimore, is said to have commenced on the morning of the 28th of July, in consequence of some severe reflections, published in the Federal Republican, against the police and democratic party in Baltimore. The consequence has been that many have been killed and wounded on this melancholy occasion, viz. Two killed and two wounded on the part of those that attacked the Federal Republican office—and several of its defenders, it is said, have been massacred in the jail, whither they had been escorted by the military, to whom they had surrendered themselves for protection. Among the slain, in the jail, are Gen. Henry Lee, of Virginia, and Gen. Ligan, of Maryland.

By accounts from Philadelphia we hear, that several persons went from that city about sunrise on Tuesday morning to Norristown, and attacked in a body, and beat the printer of a paper published in that place, on account of a piece published in his paper.

An efficient Police. This blessing, the value of which to a large city can hardly be estimated, is so eminently enjoyed by the inhabitants of this capital, that we cannot avoid felicitating our fellow-citizens on the subject. It is also due to justice to observe, that the quiet and orderly character of the people, is as conspicuous as the vigilance of the magistrates. The aversion to riots and the general disposition and measures for maintaining the reign of law, preserve every man in security against the effects of popular commotion. And long, we pray Heaven, may it so continue.—*Columbian*.

NOTICE TO POST MASTERS AND MAIL CARRIERS.

As we have frequently complaints from the Southward from our subscribers, of the disappointment of the Museum, and delay also in those that come to hand, we do not consider it a good principle, nor any part of politeness, for any person to practice detaining or taking out of the mail the paper belonging to another; and we are determined to exert our best efforts to detect such a low, mean practice.

Nuptial.

LET the merry bells ring round
Let the sprightly tabor sound;
Hymen wears a habit gay,
For Cupid 'tis thy holiday.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Barry, Mr. Edward Byrne, Merchant of this city, to the amiable and all accomplished Miss Eliza Waldron, daughter of Mr. Oliver Waldron, Senior, of Kips' Bay.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Benjamin G. Dayton, to Miss Johanna Bicker, both of this city.

In Wilmington, (Del.) Mr. Robert C Ludlow, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Ann Catherine Wethered, daughter of John Wethered, esq. of that place.

Obituary.

"Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm!"

DIED.

On Tuesday, Mr. John Leveridge, aged 54.

On Thursday last, after a severe and painful illness, Mr. George G. M. Gamage, youngest son of Dr. John Gamage.

The City inspector reports the deaths of 33 persons from 18th to the 25th July, 1812.

Seat of the Muses.

"Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear,
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom."

Selected for the New-York Weekly Museum.

A DIRGE.

LIGHT be the turf on William's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave;
By hands unseen may it be drest,
And there the weeping-willow wave.

There shall the morning first unfold
The splendor of her opening ray;
And there the parting gleams of gold,
Shall linger at the close of day.

And there at eve, with dulcet shell,
Shall airy forms be heard to mourn,
And there their loud lament I'll swell,
And strew fresh garlands o'er his urn.

And sleep'st thou William, sleep'st thou so?
Thou ne'er shall hear us mourn thy doom;
And wilt thou never more forego
The dark, dark chambers of the tomb?

Mid vernal haunts my steps to lead,
When May-flowers spread their blooms so fair;
And rifle all the breathing mead,
To bind my half-dishevel'd hair.

Or fond, with frequent foot to rove,
Where love and innocence are found,
Amid the deep sequester'd grove,
To wake the lute's mellifluous sound.

'Twas there when village maidens came
To join the sports at evening's close,
You first declared a lover's flame,
And breath'd inviolable vows.

Our bridal-day at last appear'd—
None strove the choral strain to swell;
No sounds, but sounds of grief, were heard;
No music, but thy passing bell.

Farewell, farewell, my William dear;
O'er thee the willow tree shall wave;
And fauns and genii, hovering near,
Shall dress the sod that wraps thy grave.

THYRSER.

ADDRESS TO SYMPATHY.

THOU, noblest inmate of the human breast,
With native ardor in my bosom glow;
For thou canst lull the troubled mind to rest,
And mitigate the keenest pangs of woe.

When humbled by affliction's power, we lie
Forlorn, no hope our sorrows to relieve;
The beam that flows from mild compassion's eye,
At least a temporary balm can give.

Should fortune, with penurious hand, deny
Wealth, that receding comforts might restore;
Yet still the soothing voice of sympathy
Can soothe adversity's depressive power.

With genuine ardor I can never greet,
Those who unmoved a scene of woe can view;
And with a cold indifferent aspect meet
Those eyes, which tears of anguish still bedew.

Let the proud Stoic, whose obdurate heart
Untouch'd, the tale of misery can hear;
Whose austere brow no rays of hope impart,
The spirits of the drooping wretch to cheer;

Enjoy his boasted apathy of mind,
And the divine sensations never know;
Still homage pay at torpid Zeno's shrine,
Nor taste the rapturous joy thou canst bestow.

From such unfeeling natures sad I turn,
Far from such selfish souls disgusted fly;
With cold contempt the frigid bosom spurn,
That never felt the joys of sympathy.

If any of your fair readers, Mr. Editor, was to ask my opinion of the kind of characters I should think most likely to insure their happiness in the married state, I would tell them that the man who answered the following description is the one whom I would wish to see united to a daughter of mine.

Let sacred honour fill his mind
Till every thought becomes sublimed,
And rises like the hallow'd gale
Which from religious rites exhale.
Let Thales' motto, "*know thyself*,"
Tell him he is no lowly elf;
And let him through life's shorten'd span,
Prove the true *dignity of man*.
When worth and dignity unite,
Ne'er will a man exert his right,
Nor lord it with tyrannic sway,
For love disdains the term—*obey*.
Whilst soft persuasion's gentle voice
Will make *obedience—the choice*.

Morality.

The path to peace is virtue; what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow. JUV.

THERE is not a more disagreeable or a more melancholy research, than that which we are sometimes tempted to make into the volume of philosophy, to seek for the origin of moral and physical evil; an inquiry generally set on foot by human infirmity, encouraged by human ingratitude, and always defeated by the insufficiency of human wisdom.

Perhaps, when Rousseau tells us, "that moral evil is incontestably our own work," he is not far from the truth; and, as physical is frequently the effect of moral evil, we may consider ourselves, to use a law term, not so much heirs by *descent*, as *purchasers*, of both those articles of misery.

However the fact may be, we are not very ready to allow that the mischiefs we suffer are of our own creation; on the contrary, there are seasons when the mind busies itself in the investigation of the nature of evil, merely to find excuses for its defects and deformities, and to catch at any philosophical argument that can place them in a fairer point of view; but this investigation is never satisfactory; it falls short of even probable demonstration, and leaves us only in greater doubt and anxiety.

I remember to have been engaged in these unprofitable disquisitions one gloomy afternoon in the month of November, in my elbow-chair by the fire-side. After reviewing all the incidents of my own life, and the merits, blemishes, virtues, faults, advantages, drawbacks, prospects, and disappointments, belonging individually to the character and condition of my neighbours, "Alas!" cried I, "what can equal human wretchedness? What a poor weak creature is man! How exposed to temptation! How open to the allurements of vice! Look where we will, if he be not addicted to great crimes, we shall find him hurrying along blindfolded, as it were, by passion and prejudice, from one absurdity to another. How many disappointments, perplexities, misfortunes, have I myself met with, that could not be laid to the score of negligence, or the want of caution! How many follies have I entertained, without making them welcome! and how many faults have I committed without an intention to do wrong! A man stands no chance with the infirmities of his nature: he is a mere machine, and is acted upon by external circumstances, as much as the mariners' compass. Let the attraction of virtue be ever so strong, it will not always keep true to the point; there will be yet some variations, and some vibrations, that we trust and

hope will be allowed for in the last great reckoning."

These unhappy murmurings continued, till, wearied out, and oppressed by the repetition of the same ideas, I fell fast asleep: when methought I was introduced, not into a drawing-room, but up three pair of stairs, into the garret of a philosopher. Its shape was a salient triangle; the furniture consisted of one solitary chair and a deal table, upon which was a wooden candlestick, and, as I thought, a portable camera obscura, which seemed to occupy the entire attention of the philosopher, who appeared to be a tall thin man, with a pale face, and extremely black beard. I fancied, that at my entrance the old Gentleman accosted me with great civility: "I am already acquainted," said he, "with the subject of your late contemplations, and with the favourite doctrine of Necessity, to which you seem so much to incline; and perhaps I may be able to assist your enquiries. You see this camera obscura: I have brought it to such perfection, that it faithfully exhibits the road of human life, with all its turnings and windings; and its construction is such, that it not only represents the objects of nature, but delineates truly the passions, virtues, and vices of men; you will be able to discover by it their pursuits and inclinations, and the chief cause of their general ill success in their pursuit after happiness; you will soon perceive by it, what it is that distresses, misleads, and annoys man through his journey."

Anecdotes.

It was a beautiful turn, given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed, for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the governor, who told her, that nothing but confessing where she had hidden him could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she.—"Yes," replied the governor; "I will pass my word for your safety on that condition."—"Then," said she, "I have hid him in my heart, where you may find him." This surprising answer charmed her enemies.

From the Speech of Mr. Clay, in the House of Representatives of the United States, on the Navy Bill.

To illustrate the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, he would relate an anecdote of a vessel built and cleared out at Pittsburg for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the custom-house officer at Leghorn, who would not credit them, and who said to the master, "Sir, your papers are forged; there is no such place as Pittsburg in the world! your vessel must be confiscated!"—The trembling captain laid before the officer a map of the United States: directed him to the Gulf of Mexico pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi, led him one thousand miles up to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another thousand up to Pittsburg. "There, sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out."—The astonished officer, before he saw the map, would as soon have believed that this ship had been navigated from the moon!

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